THE NATION

DECEMBER 5, 1959 . . 25c

IT'S STILL 'THE SHAME of NEW YORK'

An Editorial

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THE SPY CIRCUS

Parasites With Cloaks and Daggers

Compton Mackenzie

●

PAYOLA

Sing a Song for Sixpence

Paul Ackerman

●

'OATHISM' ON THE CAMPUS

Kevin Sullivan

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LETTERS

Fall Book Issue

Dear Sirs: I found *The Nation* of November 14—the Fall Book issue—an excellent one, especially since I am covering the whole problem in my class in Literary Criticism. I'm urging my students to read it.

SEYMOUR BETSKY
Professor of English
Montana State Univ.

Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you on your Fall Book issue. The pieces by George P. Elliott, R. V. Cassill and George Steiner were, I thought, exceptionally good. Any one of them would justify the issue. The three of them together make it outstanding.

GEORGE BROCKWAY
President, W. W. Norton & Co.

New York City

Dear Sirs: It's a shame George Steiner [Fall Book issue] can find nothing more vital to write about than the fact that a few minor critics can find nothing more vital to write about than J. D. Salinger. And at that he's hardly convincing. Sure, a few articles have appeared recently, as they have about most of the first-rate American writers, but the word "industry" is scarcely appropriate. . . .

There is still much to be said about Salinger. Until other writers learn to speak as well as he does in "Uncle Wiggly in Connecticut," "Zooey," and in the other essays on modernity, I for one will read any article with the word Salinger in the title, even if it's by George Steiner.

JOEL O. CONARROE

New York City

'Attainment' or 'Pursuit'?

Dear Sirs: Did Jefferson's pen slip philosophically, as Herbert L. Smith claims (Letters, Nov. 7) in his argument against the phrase "pursuit of happiness" as used in the Declaration of Independence?

In his quiz of college students, Mr. Smith succeeds only in demonstrating that members of his class were unfamiliar with the document, and in their ignorance permitted him to substitute the word "attainment" for "pursuit." The permanent value of this part of the document seems to lie precisely in the use of "pursuit." Jefferson knew that the values by which men live are constantly changing; the more man knows of himself and the world in which he lives, the more aware he is of how much more there is to learn. He will always pursue and never "attain."

Instead of equating pursuit and attainment, it seems students could spend their time far more profitably studying the values which exist in their world so that they might more clearly and consciously engage in the pursuit.

And, of course, their teachers as well.

LESTER COLE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Red China at the U.N.

Dear Sirs: In the editorial, "Chinese Fireworks," (issue of November 7), you indicate that in the most recent U. N. vote on Chinese representation, the United States was deserted by its closest allies—that Britain and France, among others, abstained. This is simply not true: the French and British abstentions took place not on the question of representation, but on that of Red repression in Tibet.

If Britain had refrained from opposing the Communists on the issue of China's U. N. seat, it would indeed have been surprising. Only a few weeks before the vote, Prime Minister Macmillan reportedly told Prime Minister Kishi of Japan that the policy of withholding recognition was "wise and realistic."

It would appear that your efforts to prove Washington's isolation in Far Eastern affairs are foredoomed to failure.

K. H. W. HILBORN

Oxford, England

[Mr. Hilborn states the facts on the U. N. vote correctly, and we regret our error. On the larger issue of Red China's admission to the world body, there is no doubt that over the last few years sentiment in favor of Peking has been growing. In our opinion, this year's Tibet and India crises served only to delay the inevitable.—Ed.]

International Society

Dear Sirs: During the past two years a number of professional people interested in the development of underdeveloped countries have established the Society for International Development. The society now has over 600 members, including some twenty institutional members, constituting nearly a *Who's Who* in the international field. The first issue of the *International Development Review* has just been published and copies will be made available to new members as long as the supply lasts.

The basic purpose of the society is to provide an intellectual meeting ground for people of all professional backgrounds who are interested in economic development of underdeveloped countries. Of the present members, about 40 per cent are of nationalities other than American.

The society is eager to extend its membership. Interested persons are requested to write the undersigned.

(Mr.) MARION CLAWSON
Society for International Development
Room 408, 1145 19th St., N.W.
Washington 6, D.C.

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The Nation, Dec. 5, 1959. Vol. 189, No. 19

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 19

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

It's Still 'The Shame Of New York'

That *The Nation's* special issue, "The Shame of New York," would be a target for attack, we never doubted. No feature article of this kind — whether it examines the exalted myth of the FBI or the fallibility of Robert Moses — is likely to remain immune. City government in New York is a $2 billion (per annum) enterprise; the stakes are high, astronomically higher than they were when Tammany Hall was founded, and no one has ever suggested that the tiger was toothless. But what we did not anticipate was that Fred J. Cook's post-publication account on a TV program of an attempt, in 1956, to influence his and Gleason's reporting about municipal affairs in New York — a charge not made or referred to in the article — would be denied the next day by Gene Gleason, who was co-author with Cook of "The Shame of New York."

We have, of course, checked into the background of the incident and have questioned Messrs. Cook and Gleason about what took place in the bizarre session in the office of the District Attorney when both men, reporters on the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* — accompanied by a bevy of spokesmen for that newspaper — were subjected to a lengthy grilling. Frankly we were, and are, disturbed by the accounts of Mr. Gleason's statement as released by the District Attorney's office.

There is no doubt that somewhere along the line Gleason told an untruth; but it is by no means clear whether the sudden and unexplained retraction is more to be believed than the original accusation. Contrary to the original reports, Gleason did not sign a "six-page" statement or any other kind of statement. Confessions under pressure are properly suspect and unsigned confessions under pressure are doubly so.

The original assignment for "The Shame of New York" was given to Fred Cook, who has written other major feature articles for *The Nation*. Cook requested the assistance of Gleason, who had worked with him in developing the original stories on which "The Shame of New York" was based. Our confidence in Fred Cook is wholly unimpaired. He has been placed in a most unfortunate position for which he is in no manner responsible, as even the District Attorney's office concedes. The action of the *World Telegram and Sun* in summarily dismissing both reporters may not appear to others as unfair or precipitate, but we are convinced that it was grossly unfair to Mr. Cook, who had served the paper with loyalty and distinction for sixteen years; and subsequent developments, we feel, may place the Gleason matter in quite a different light than the lurid one in which it was first reported. What has happened to Fred Cook should stand as a horrible example of what is likely to happen to any reporter who insists on pursuing stories of great civic importance about which his city desk is not too enthusiastic. For some years now it has been apparent that the *World-Telegram and Sun* would seize upon the first opportunity that presented itself to discharge Cook. But the shabby treatment he received *is* surprising.

At the outset, the *World-Telegram* categorically denied that Cook had told his supervisors about the "bribe" incident in 1956. But the crawling soon began. Yes, Cook had taken Norton Mockbridge, the city editor, to lunch in 1956 as Cook had said; yes, Cook had told Mockbridge that he (Cook) and Gleason "were beating their heads against the wall" in trying to get the facts about Title I projects; yes, Cook had said that a number of persons "with whom he and Mr. Gleason had contact in the city government" had warned him that they were "getting into deep water" by probing Title I; yes, Cook had said that he was worried about the pressures being applied to Gleason; yes, Cook had said that "press agents" had made offers of jobs and favors; all Mockbridge does *not* recall about the lunch-

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eon conversation is the mention of a city official. The concessions are in remarkable contrast to the original unqualified denial. After checking the facts, we are convinced that the level of the working press of New York would be measurably raised if it were manned throughout by men of Cook's courage, intelligence, integrity and high sense of social responsibility.

BUT there is always some silver in the lining of every cloud — dark, medium-dark and just gray. For example, the 8,000,000 residents of New York have been given a splendid alternative in their quest for honest city government. All of their problems have now been reduced to a simple, comprehensive issue. The vexatious questions raised in "The Shame of New York" — which by no means listed all facing this great city — can now be banished. For, if we may judge by recent statements by Mayor Wagner, District Attorney Hogan and the ineffable Robert Moses, there is just one issue before these 8,000,000 New Yorkers today — whether or not an effort was made in 1956 by a city official to influence Gene Gleason.

When, therefore, New Yorkers read, as they have at regular intervals subsequent to October 31 when "The Shame of New York" first appeared, of the steadily accumulating evidence of the mess that Robert Moses has made of Title I, they can dismiss the stories as unpleasant fantasies. Their concern should be: did success spoil Gene Gleason? Did a young, talented reporter, honored for his diligence by his colleagues of the working press, exaggerate an incident which occurred in 1956 and which he reported to Fred Cook who, in firm reliance on its authenticity, referred to it in the by-now-famous *Open End* program on TV?

When local residents read, as they did subsequent to October 31, of the death of four children from infectious diseases contracted in a rat-infested upper West Side slum, they can dismiss it as a nightmare; the real issue is Gene Gleason.

When they read of Frank A. Zelano, the courageous rank-and-file member of the transit union, victim of the gruesome "bugging" incident described in "The Shame of New York," still being denied the hearing which Mayor Wagner promised him, their consciences can rest easy; there is only one issue, the shame of Gleason.

When they read of the sentencing of retired Police Sergeant Joseph Luberda, whose penchant for never carrying less than $19,000 in loose change in his pockets was described by Messrs. Cook and Gleason, let the unpleasant news be quickly dismissed; the issue is not police corruption, police moonlighting, police crime: the issue is G. Gleason. Forget about Luberda; enjoy the new musical comedy based on the life of Fiorello LaGuardia.

When they read, as they did recently, of a shakedown engineered by officials of the Bureau of Weights and Measures of butchers in the very poorest sections of the city — butchers who were in turn robbing the poor by selling them cheap meats at top prices and by secretly pressing down hard on the scales with their fat, greedy thumbs — let them forget about it. The whole story sounds as though it were a script written by the late Bert Brecht about a new Threepenny Opera in which Mack-the-Knife is your friendly neighborhood butcher. Fred Loughran, the ousted head of the bureau, described as a Stork Club character with a summer home is Islip, where the Mayor summers, and a fine apartment in Yonkers—in addition to a Brooklyn home — all on a salary of $158 a week, is not the villain. Fie upon the thought; the real culprit is G.G.

The facts set forth in "The Shame of New York" remain to be challenged or acknowledged. Although the issue has been out for a month, no requests for corrections or retractions have come to this office. The citizens of New York still want to know, Messrs. Wagner, Hogan and Moses, why a city of 8,000,000 people and 9,000,000 rats has "lost its soul."

San Juan Circus

The House Un-American Activities Committee recently held hearings in Puerto Rico. The pattern was the one familiar to mainland Americans. The friendly witnesses, mostly detectives, FBI agents, informers and the like, read their scripts of accusation and exposure. The unfriendly witnesses, really defendants, are then put on the stand and decline to talk on grounds of one or another Constitutional amendment. The committee winds up its proceedings by threatening the recalcitrant witnesses with contempt citations. In the United States this goes on, for the most part, in an atmosphere of public indifference and perfunctory press approval. In Puerto Rico things were different; both public and press were actively hostile. The pickets were numerous and vociferous. The San Juan *Star* of November 19, under the caption "Yesterday's Circus," commented editorially on the "Yankee-Go-Home" signs on the walls of public buildings and the floods of hostile leaflets. "All this flurrying around," said the *Star*, "seems aimed at showing that the U.S. is interested in improving the situation in Latin America, when, actually, it is just such nonsense as this which has put us in the pickle we're in with our Latin American neighbors. Not McCarthy-like probings, but a radically new approach to our Latin American foreign policy is required." Writing to *The New York Times*, Waldo Frank made a similar observation. Mr. Frank warned: "If our Department of State and certain sectors of the press persist in labeling as Communist every organized effort toward social justice and a better condition of life, they will end by persuading the peasant everywhere to associate the reforms he needs with communism. At that

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point we shall have lost our battle." Mr. Frank was writing of Cuba, but things are pretty much the same everywhere south of the Rio Grande. If the committee must make a show of itself, it would be better to do it at home.

Comstock Rides Again

In the October 10 issue, *The Nation* had something to say about the danger to civil liberties in Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield's "war on muck." In the same issue, Stanley Meisler presented the history and present status of this everlasting war. The Post Office became responsible for the nation's morals in 1873, with the passage of the Comstock Law. Anthony Comstock, agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, will be remembered by readers of H. L. Mencken as the ardent smut hound whose idea of suppressing "vice" was to ban books which the next generation regarded as great literature. He has worthy successors and one of them, Representative Kathryn Granahan, is the chairman of the Subcommittee on Postal Operations, which has been touring the country and, reaching San Francisco, received a mixed reception. The police yanked *Playboy* off the newsstands. A "nonsectarian" committee was formed to combat books and magazines that "numb the mind and lead to rape." Among the books cited were *Lady Chatterley's Lover, The Blackboard Jungle* and *Pornography and the Law.* The Protestants and Jews were apparently lukewarm about the crusade and did not send representatives, but the moving spirit of the committee, a lady attorney, said this must have been because they didn't get the notices that had been sent out.

Unfortunately, this spirit of caution did not extend to Representative Granahan. She cited what the San Francisco *Chronicle* called "amazing statistics." "One out of twelve persons arrested in the nation," according to the "pleasant-looking matron in an attractive hat," are juveniles and "*in every case* they are found to be hiding this kind of literature in their pockets or under their pillows." (Italics supplied.) Furthermore, Mrs. Granahan has discovered that "80 per cent of the inmates of juvenile mental institutions in Pennsylvania are children under fifteen and every one of them is there because they read this [lewd] literature." The Congresswoman's final discovery is that the "campaign of filth and smut" aimed at the nation's youth might well prove to be "Communist inspired." In many cases, she observed, the same attorneys defended Communists and persons accused of publishing indecent literature. The lady is evidently given to sweeping statements, but Anthony Comstock, reading obscene literature through all eternity, should be proud of her.

PARASITES WITH CLOAKS AND DAGGERS

THE SPY CIRCUS . . *by Compton Mackenzie*

DURING HIS visit to the United States, Mr. Khrushchev claimed that the Russians had broken one of the American codes. That may well be true, but the public must not jump to the conclusion that some sinister master-spy in the top television class had been able to tempt an American citizen to sell the contents of a code book to him. If a cipher has been broken, it will have been broken by a team of industrious and patient experts working in a back room somewhere in Moscow; and against that possibility there is no defense except continuous changing of the ciphers. Mr. Khrushchev was reported to have said that American agents in Europe and the Middle East gave the Russians their code books and that these were used to send back false information. It is difficult to believe that anybody so intelligent as Mr. Khrushchev could talk such nonsense; but when he chaffed Allen Dulles, head of the CIA, at a White House dinner about their both paying the same agents for information, he was probably stating a fact. The amount of money wasted in subsidizing worthless information all over the world should keep every taxpayer resentfully awake at night.

Let me say at this point that any expense undergone by either side to safeguard the secrets of scientific destruction can obviously be justified. At the same time, my experience of British, German, French, Italian, Serbian and Russian Intelligence during the First World War makes me feel very doubtful whether the protection of these scientific secrets is as competent as we hope. Be that as it may, the scientific spy could be as formidable a figure as the wartime spy of once upon a time before the invention of radio, radar and the airplane reduced him to comparative unimportance.

What we suffer from now is the peacetime spy who, in nine cases out of ten, is not a spy at all but an agitator or propagandist whose alleged activities are an excuse for officialdom to waste vast sums of money on counterespionage. Toward the end of World War One, the

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE, one of Britain's best known and most prolific novelists and biographers, served with British Intelligence for several years after having been invalided out of the British Army in 1916.

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Chief of the British Secret Service wanted me to succeed him a year or two after the war was over. When I told him that as soon as the war ended I intended to get back to my own work, he said reproachfully, "But our work is much more fun in peacetime, you know." And that is the trouble. The magic of Secret Service is too potent for most men. They are back in their boyhood, playing cowboys and Indians; Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are at their side; they are characters in the books of the thriller merchants who provide fustian cloak and dagger romance. The Wild West may no longer exist, but the pipe-dream paradise of Secret Service, unfortunately for the taxpayer, was never so easily attainable as it is today.

In 1932 the third volume of my war memories was suppressed by the authorities and I was prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. There was a state trial at the Old Bailey. In the paradoxical words of one paper, "world-famous figures of the Secret Service were watching the case." The proceedings were a cross between the trial of the Knave of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Bardell v. Pickwick*, but as most of the case was heard *in camera* the absurdity of the proceedings could not be reported by the press. Nevertheless, it can be a very expensive business to produce a farce at the Old Bailey, and when the curtain came down I set out to recoup my losses by writing *Water on the Brain*, a skit on the Secret Service. In a preface to a subsequent edition,[1] I wrote:

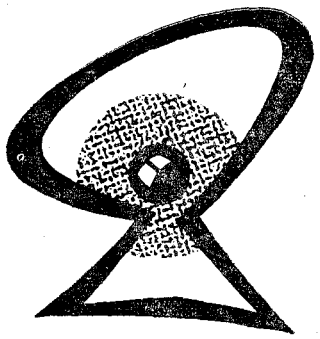
> *Water on the Brain* was written immediately after my trial at the Old Bailey under the Official Secrets Act. At the time, the book must have seemed to the average reader a fantastic Marx Brothers affair, but during the Second World War many more people discovered that those responsible for Secret Intelligence do, in very fact, as often as not behave like characters created by the Marx Brothers. *Duck Soup*, for instance, appealed to me as a film of stark realism.
>
> *Water on the Brain* at one time looked like becoming a serious textbook for neophytes of the Secret Service, and indeed if it had not for a time been so difficult to get hold of, it would probably have become a standard work. . . .

By a coincidence I had just finished copying those words when I received a letter from San Francisco:

> Your New Preface to *Water on the Brain* . . . impels me to let you know that your book was used as a text book in a U.S. Intelligence agency, OSS. Since copies were not procurable in 1942, one hundred photostats were made. . . .

I wonder if today's public, with wider experience of the absurdities of Secret Intelligence, will any longer accept the book as merely a grotesque fairy tale. I should add that *Greek Memories*, the book suppressed in 1932, was published in 1940 *uncensored*. What the Secret Service people had really objected to was being laughed at in *Greek Memories*; seemingly it was important for the public to take them seriously lest their appropriation be cut down (the vote on the Secret Service appropriation, by the way, is secret). When war came and money was being lavishly squandered again, my books of war memories no longer worried them.

I DO NOT know whether there is a secret vote for Intelligence funds in the United States or whether there is any method of checking the way in which such money is spent.[2] There is none in Britain. Our Secret Service was started by the Cecils in the time of Elizabeth I and much developed in subsequent centuries to protect William of Orange and the Hanoverian monarchs. It was used most effectively of all in the days of the French Revolution and Napoleon. After that it languished until a few years before the First World War. Then it was decided that we must



find out something more about German war plans than the average military or naval attaché could manage on a pittance for such work. A small organization was formed under a naval commander to handle espionage, and another — under a major — to handle counterespionage in Britain and the Crown Colonies. The money for the former was supplied by the Foreign Office, for the latter by the War Office. The Admiralty ran its own Intelligence Division. When war came in 1914, various organizations for Intelligence were started. In the Mediterranean area there were several of them with their various headquarters in London, to which could be added four censorships (all of them unwilling to cooperate with one another). The French, Italians and Serbians were hard at work, and until the Bolshevik Revolution there were one or two feeble and amateurish Russian centers. In Athens, the Germans had four separate organizations, all communicating with Berlin independently of one another until they were abandoned at the end of 1916 together with the Turkish, Austrian and Bulgarian espionage centers.

The new passport regulations were not established until the war had been going on for nearly two years. Our system in Britain was copied by every other power, and when the war came to an end the passport departments of embassies and legations served — and still serve — as a cover for much of the Intelligence work festering in Europe today. I use a strong verb, but it is not too strong for what I believe to be the harm they do to the cause of international understanding.

One of the problems of the modern world is the rapid multiplication of parasites in every direction; the parasites encouraged by Intelligence

[1] Penguin Books, 1959.

[2] In the United States, the bulk of funds for Intelligence are lumped in the budget for the National Security Council; the rest is buried in the budgets for the various military services. Formal apropriation is made by a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee in secret session; subcommittee members are told only as much as Administration spokesmen want to tell them, which is very little. There is no further accounting for the funds either to Congress or to the American people.—Ed.

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are the most noxious of all because their existence depends on being able to produce the conditions in which they can flourish. Moreover, they excite public hysteria, and the very word "spy" has for the public a more menacing sound than "murderer." When British or U.S. spies are arrested or expelled on the other side of the Iron Curtain, the public is encouraged to believe that the notion of a British or American spy is a wicked fantasy invented by the Communists. In Britain the press always puts a British or American spy in quotation marks when they report the apparently incredible behavior which has led to his expulsion from Moscow or Prague or Warsaw. The public on the other side of the Iron Curtain is soothed with the same syrup of injured innocence.

I HAVE already admitted that the protection of nuclear secrets is vital, and nobody should grudge the money spent on this. Beyond that, I believe most of the paraphernalia of Intelligence is a pernicious waste of time and an unwarrantable expenditure of money. I recognize that uncontrolled immigration is impossible for the economy of certain countries, but why does any country suppose that its present or future is served by spending vast sums of money in the control of its visitors? Why does any country suppose that to fill up forms in train or plane stating in what year the tourist was born and the maiden name of his mother and answering a number of other idiotic questions is a useful precaution?

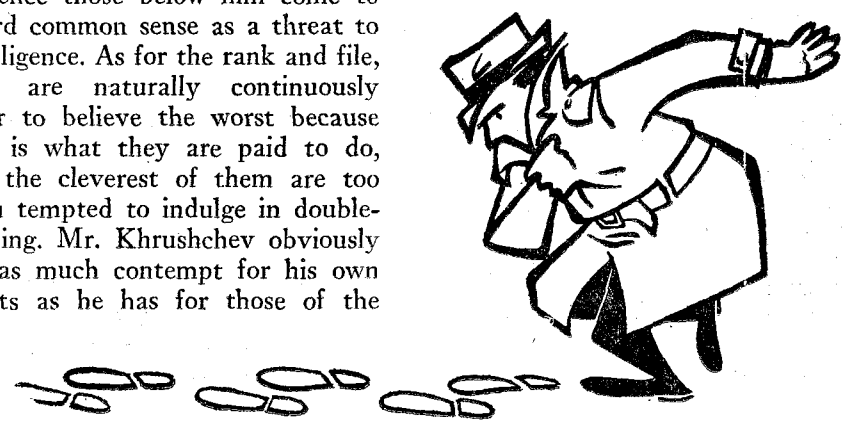
The man on mischief bent will have no difficulty in filling up these forms and the passport of such a man will be above suspicion. In time of war, it may be necessary to check the movement of travelers; in time of peace such control is merely a device to employ a lot of people who might otherwise be unemployed.

In time of war, spy mania is endemic, much intensified by the practice of bombing cities from the air. Yet there is not one single well-attested example of a spy signaling to hostile planes. If the air forces of the world were dependent on such aid, their effective destruction would be very considerably reduced. The hysteria of the military authorities in Great Britain at the beginning of the Second World War was a blot upon our reputation for keeping calm in moments of national peril. If all the supposedly potential spies had been left to carry on their business as *maitres d'hôtel* and waiters, the course of the war would not have been disturbed by a ripple.

Secret Intelligence work has a progressively lowering effect upon the intelligence of those who are engaged upon it, particularly at a high level. Three years are the very utmost a man should be retained in a position of such responsibility. His view of human nature becomes steadily more and more distorted and his judgment of political motive less and less sound. He outgrows his ability to give reassuring advice to the executive, because an improvement in international relations threatens his own career. He becomes chained to prejudice and mistrust. Under his influence those below him come to regard common sense as a threat to Intelligence. As for the rank and file, they are naturally continuously eager to believe the worst because that is what they are paid to do, and the cleverest of them are too often tempted to indulge in double-crossing. Mr. Khrushchev obviously has as much contempt for his own agents as he has for those of the West. At the same time, he could not help bragging of the confidential messages he had been able to read, and of deliberately sending false information in the American code he claimed to possess. The obvious truth is that both sides are engaged in sending false information in the codes of their opponents. The efforts of the Russian Embassy in London to obtain information by bribing unimportant misfits in the military services are pathetic in their uselessness; I have little doubt that the efforts of the British Embassy in Moscow are equally pathetic.

WHEN Mr. Khrushchev surprised the United Nations Assembly by proposing complete disarmament in four years, the general opinion was that it was bluff. In that case why did nobody call it? Instead, it was pointed out by various politicians, with the usual platitudes, that it was no use talking about disarmament until the method of controlling disarmament had been decided. A creaking cart was to be put in front of the horse. Why? Because, threatened with the loss of its occupation, Intelligence wanted to guarantee the continuance of its job.

But at this point let me say a word on behalf of Intelligence. We must not assume that Intelligence was at fault because the British Government has made a mess of the Middle East and the Near East (the latter being now ignorantly called the Middle East). Intelligence may have provided accurate information about the state of affairs to which the government may have been deliberately deaf. I have had too exasperating an experience of foretelling exactly what would happen if a certain line of action were pursued, and of finding such prophecies steadily ignored, to preserve the least faith in the ability of politicians to benefit from accurate Intelligence. Mr. Khrushchev may congratulate himself on knowing what his opponents are going to do next by intercepting a telegram; he overestimates their capacity for knowing what they themselves are going to do next. We recognize that the Russians are a nation of chess players, and the Russians foolishly persist in believing that all we nations in the West are the same. The Russian panic over Hungary was probably due to their belief that U.S. disapproval over Suez was



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deliberate camouflage for a projected American intervention in Central Europe. This to us ludicrous credulity can only be explained by the activities of American and British Intelligence agents in the satellite countries. Tension between West and East would certainly be relaxed if those activities were given up. The efforts of Russian agents to stir up trouble in Africa and elsewhere are inspired by the missionary spirit of communism and can only be rendered ineffective by counter-missionaries backed by the constructive spirit of capitalism.

During the First World War, British Intelligence collected over 30,000 names for a secret black list compiled from the contributions of its various branches. From time to time I would ask for the removal of names of suspects whose innocence had been established by further investigation. Could I get one of those names erased? Not one. In the end I grew so fed up with this attitude that I refused to contribute any fresh names. The leatherbottoms, chairborne in London with herbaceous borders of ribbons earned by feats of valor with a typewriter, then tried to get their own back by pestering me with requests to report the latest activities and whereabouts of suspects in the list. One day I was rebuked for having failed for a whole year to report anything further about Hagios Taxiarches, the smuggler, and was ordered to put an agent on his track. I replied that I should require aircraft for such a task, and when I was indignantly asked what I meant by such a request, I replied that if as instructed I was to find out what the Archangel Michael was doing I must have aircraft. They had confused some smuggler with the name of his boat — the Holy Taxiarch, which is how the Archangel Michael is sometimes referred to in Greece.

I could relate a hundred stories of almost equal fatuity by Intelligence, but the public, fed by spy-thrillers and television with pretended true stories of Secret Service adventure, likes to believe in such fairy tales. I feel like the parent who cannot bring himself to undeceive his children about Santa Claus.

Nevertheless, I owe it to my conscience to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today.

PAYOLA: Sing a Song for Sixpence . . *by Paul Ackerman*

A TRADITIONAL method of song-plugging—the payment of money to secure the performance of a song or a record—has now engaged the attention of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, District Attorney Frank Hogan of New York City, and newspapers across the country. The practice, common for decades, received little notice until the recent TV quiz scandals turned the attention of the subcommittee to the general area of song and record promotion.

Involved are broader problems than that of commercial bribery. The investigation will turn a spotlight upon the question of what constitutes proper use of the publicly owned air waves; and it touches also upon how the country's musical taste is formed—i.e., does certain music become popular only because a disk jockey has been paid to play it on the air?

Radio and records fell into each other's arms, so to speak, in the 1940s, and because each needs the other, the love match has not ended. TV forced the two together. As sponsors turned increasingly to the glamorous new medium, local radio stations, forced to economize, cut live programing—including music—to the bone and came to rely on recordings to fill the void.

Today, several thousand record manufacturers are licensed by the American Federation of Musicians, of which about 700 are producing records on a consistent schedule. The rest "take a flyer" when ready money, artists and a song happen to be available at the same time.

It is deceptively easy to "take a flyer." A "side" can be recorded for a few hundred dollars; pressing plants are ready to "drop ship" the disks if the manufacturer is a fair credit risk; the need for warehousing is obviated, and the possible profits are large. But large, too, are the potential losses if the manufacturer oversteps the bounds of sensible promotion by flooding distributors with free records.

Some 200 "single" records — the term for seven-inch 45s—are released weekly these days, and of course only a few become hits. The disk jockey—chief promotion source for a record—obviously lacks sufficient air time to promote everything he receives. So the competition becomes fierce—and at this point payola comes into play. Payola is an ugly word, and there are those in the music industry who prefer to use a softer one: romancing. The nuances are supposedly different. When a record manufacturer, record distributor or music publisher wines and dines a visiting disk jockey, it is "romancing"—a practice no better and no worse, it is argued, than similar generosities extended to buyers or sellers in other industries. But when does romancing end and payola begin? And, the more idealistic ask, can one legitimately compare radio and TV, with their explicit responsibility to operate in the public interest, with any ordinary private industry?

THE TECHNIQUES of payola are various. Some record distributors give certain disk jockeys a monthly "retainer" to plug their records. Or the jockey may be given a share in the music-publishing business, and

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may even own a copyright. Some jockeys are also in the retail record business or own an interest in record-pressing plants.

Thus, aside from the question of commercial bribery, there arises also the question of conflict of interest. Jack Gould noted in *The New York Times* of November 20 that the American Broadcasting Company had ordered Dick Clark, a teenage idol and disk jockey, to divest himself of an interest in music publishing and record firms. Clark may have taken something of a "bad rap," the radio columnist noted, and added:

> If Congress is going to pursue this realistically, then it will find that many singing stars have a "conflict of interest" at some point. Innumerable singers own "a piece" of a music publishing house and favor songs of that house in their repertoires. And ages ago, it was common practice for some singers to insist that, in exchange for plugging a tune, they be listed as co-author, a neat dodge that could mean royalties for years. . . .

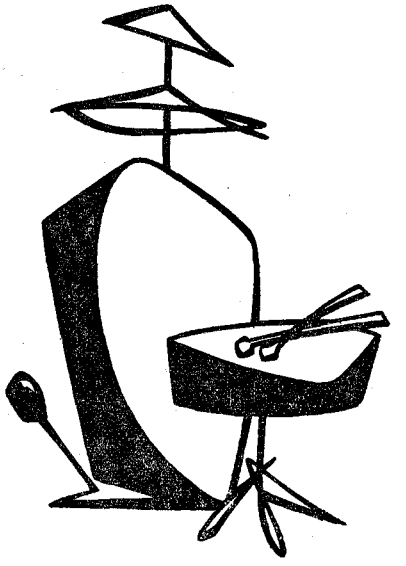
In one form or another, payola predates both the modern record business and the disk jockey. In the 1920s, the practice was common in vaudeville, then the best vehicle for plugging a song. In the 1930s, romancing and/or payola were concentrated in the band business. Records and disk jockeys had not yet reached their present position of eminence. But "plugs" by name bands via remote broadcasts from smart hotel spots were highly sought after by music publishers and resulted in large sales of sheet music (no longer a factor).

BY THE late 1930s, payola at the band level reached such proportions that several important music business executives decided to work out a Fair Practice Code aimed at outlawing the practice. One of the chief movers in this attempt was the late John G. Paine, then chairman of the board of the Music Publishers' Protective Association and subsequently general manager of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Another was the late Edward B. Marks, founder of the music publishing firm of that name, which today is operated by a son, Herbert.

The plan for a code collapsed, however. This reporter was told at the time that rank-and-file publishers opposed it because they felt that without payola, they could not survive in their highly competitive industry. And this is what they are arguing today.

There is no doubt that payola is practiced widely today by manufacturers and distributors—including many who dislike it, but feel that it is necessary for their survival. "I regret," one manufacturer told me recently, "that our hands are no longer clean." Both big and small companies have bowed to the facts of life, it would seem.

There is reason to believe that,



proportionately, payola is not nearly so widespread among jockeys. Of the thousands of jockeys now at work across the country, it is doubtful whether more than a few hundred are important enough to be subjected to "heavy" romancing.

WHAT IS the effect of all this upon the nation's music? Would Rock 'n' Roll, for instance, be with us if there were no such thing as payola?

It is axiomatic in the music business that a "bad" song or record—by which is meant a song lacking in commercial appeal—can never prove a hit no matter how much plugging it gets, legitimately or illegitimately. This was true in the payola-ridden 1920s and 1930s, and it is true today. But it is also axiomatic that a "good" song—i.e., a song with commercial appeal—must receive adequate plugging if it is to achieve its hit potential.

Elvis Presley was adequately plugged, but he is also "good." All the payola in the world used in behalf of competing disks will never dent the popularity of this singer, whose records have already grossed more than $50,000,000 in the last five years.

In sum: payola may be ethically deplorable, but it is unlikely that it has ever changed, or ever could change, the course of popular American music.

IT IS important to remember that the current "crisis" in the music business is concerned solely with so-called "single" records—the seven-inch disks which are manufactured primarily for the teenage market and which today dominate radio's musical programing. Will this teenage fare continue to be radio's chief musical ingredient? Here is a situation which merits examination not only by radio and the sponsors, but by the federal agencies whose function it is to see that broadcasters operate in the public interest.

Long-play records, or albums, produced primarily for the adult market, account for approximately 75 per cent of the industry's total retail dollar volume. The amount of album material programed by radio stations is not nearly as large as the amount of "single" record material; but it is increasing. Album repertoire contains much fine classical music, jazz, folk, mood and pop music. This adult area of radio programing is relatively free of payola, for here the disk jockey never became such an important promotional lever. If present trends continue, it is quite possible that the listening audience will be favored with more album recordings, as more and more radio executives and sponsors realize the necessity to reach a larger audience.

The present probe must, eventually, lead to an examination of all the foregoing facets of the complicated song and record business. The ultimate result ought to be a healthier music and radio industry.

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'OATHISM' ON THE CAMPUS . . *by Kevin Sullivan*

WHEN ON November 17 Harvard and Yale universities withdrew from the federal student-loan program because of the loyalty-affidavit requirement, there was a ripple of applause through academic groves and a murmur of approval from editorial corners. But whether the conscience, or even the attention, of the great public was caught by this action is more than doubtful; for in a culture where intellect is suspect, the subject of education—except as an assayable commodity—is food for bores. Yet the significance of the event was clear. Two major universities, following a lead marked out for them by Princeton and several of the country's smaller liberal arts colleges (Amherst, Swarthmore, Oberlin and others), had by their action openly repudiated the implication, embodied in the National Defense Education Act of 1958, that the American student, precisely because he is a student in need of financial aid, is potentially a greater security risk than his less talented or less ambitious or less impecunious fellow-citizen. This citizen, like some of his Senators, might wonder what all the hullabaloo is about—why *shouldn't* these kids sign an affidavit worth $1,000 or more a year to them?—and he is likely to dismiss the issue as an egghead quibble, a tempest in an egg cup.

It was not always so. Apathy and hysteria polarize the public's response to education, and the present apathy—if the vote on the New York school-bond issue may be read as a symptom—is far from the hysteria that shivered the scholastic air when, two years ago, to our wild amaze a crew of vulgar boatmen launched Sputnik into space. The threat, then literally swinging over our heads, was valid cause for alarm; but it seemed then, and it still seems, that the alarm was excited more by the threat to our *amour propre* than to our armor of defense. Surpassed—could anyone doubt it?—in technological skill, in that know-how we used to think peculiarly our own, Americans developed overnight a sense of shame as acute as their sense of danger; we were as anxious in those days to relieve the national embarrassment as to bolster national defense. It was natural, therefore, that when we looked around in democratic indignation for someone to blame, the culprit should finally prove to be not the administration that shaped our policy nor the military charged with our defense, but the schools to which we had entrusted the education of our youth. Invidious comparisons were made between Soviet and American education, the air was thick with unanswerable question and jittery accusation, the prevailing mood was one of gloomy urgency. Educators, for the most part, perhaps secretly gratified that they were at last receiving any kind of attention, took the punishment quietly, for there was now a hope that once the furor died down the end of talk would be the beginning of action. And they were almost right, though the action they got was not altogether to their liking.

BY SEPTEMBER 2, 1958, less than a year after the Russians burst into space, Congress had passed and the President signed into law the National Defense Education Act. Though in signing the President spoke of the act as "an emergency undertaking to be terminated after four years," it was evident that this was no ordinary crash program. General debate over federal aid to education had been going on for almost a quarter of a century — a desultory and inconclusive debate. Now at last a decision had been made and a principle established: federal aid to education was right and necessary, though of course in the application of that principle—how much aid and what kind and to whom—room still remained for further discussion. This there has been.

Immediately after passage of the act—only twice before in our history had there been any comparable federal action on education: the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 and the Morrill Act of 1862 which established the land-grant colleges—the Administration, which had seen the bill pass smoothly through Congress (66 to 15 in the Senate, 212 to 85 in the House), was in a more optimistic, indeed a self-congratulatory mood. There was now a law which, according to the U. S. Office of Education, "authorizes something over one billion dollars in federal aid. In the swinging sweep of its ten titles it touches—and returns to touch again—every level of education, public and private, from the elementary school through the graduate." A month after its passage Lawrence G. Derthick, U. S. Commissioner of Education, expressed his gratification with "the broad sweep of approval" which the act had received across the country. Since then it has become increasingly clear that this was by no means a clean sweep.

Many educators, while acknowledging the act as generous, comprehensive and long past due, were troubled—chiefly, as the recent action by Harvard and Yale indicates, by the so-called loyalty-oath provision written into Title X, section 1001(f). This requires of all student applicants for a federal loan not only the usual oath of allegiance—few object seriously to this—but an affidavit to the effect that the student "does not *believe* in, and is not a member of and does not support any organization that *believes* in or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods." The italics are mine. The educators were not of course objecting to the rhetoric—though they might have itched to score this with blue pencil—but to the discriminatory implications of this particular disclaimer and to the practical and philosophical futility of all such oaths. The silence of the educators in the days of Sputnik now gave way to a collective—not, unfortunately, a concerted—chorus of dissent.

In the spring of this year, a Senate

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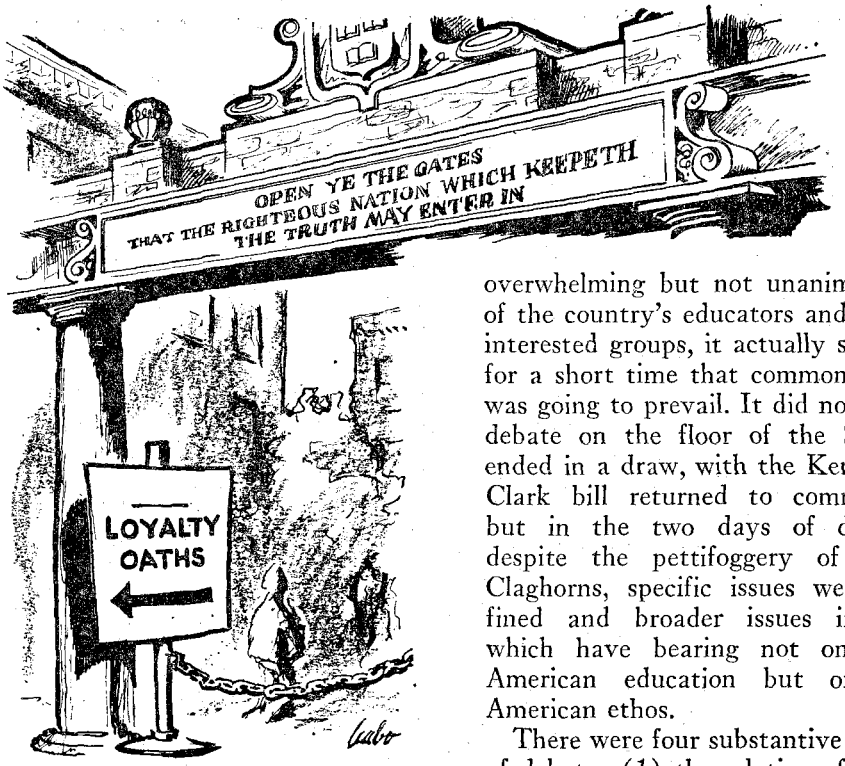

Subcommittee on Education provided them with a forum. Individual officers of education who could not appear personally had firmly worded statements read into the record, and groups and associations of every stripe—college faculties, university departments, student associations, chapters of the AAUP, spokesmen for the ACLS, the Association of American Colleges, even non-academic organizations such as the American Jewish Congress and the National Council of the Churches of Christ—joined common cause in opposition to the provisions of Title X. And the cause seemed notably advanced when Arthur Flemming appeared before the subcommittee and threw the weight of his Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to the side of the dissidents.

THE NEXT three months were full of hope. Late in July, the Senate, despite competing claims of other national and international business, scheduled two days of debate on a bill (S.819), sponsored by Senators Kennedy of Massachusetts and Clark of Pennsylvania, which would eliminate both the disclaimer affidavit and the positive oath of loyalty. Since this bill had been reported out of committee by a 12-3 vote and had the demonstrated support—overwhelming but not unanimous—of the country's educators and other interested groups, it actually seemed for a short time that common sense was going to prevail. It did not. The debate on the floor of the Senate ended in a draw, with the Kennedy-Clark bill returned to committee, but in the two days of debate, despite the pettifoggery of some Claghorns, specific issues were defined and broader issues implied which have bearing not only on American education but on the American ethos.

There were four substantive points of debate: (1) the relation of "education" to "defense" in the title of the National Defense Education Act; (2) the distinction between "oath" and "affidavit" in Title X of the act; (3) the substitute amendment offered by Senator Mundt—in effect a "little Smith Act"; and (4) the discriminatory implications of section 1001(f), Title X.

Debate on the first issue quickly revealed that the original act passed through Congress as handily as it did not because it was an education bill, but because it was a defense measure. Without another twenty-five-year argument, this may have been the only way such a bill could have gained the assent of Congress, but it now raised as many problems as it had seemed to solve. Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton (though as good a case might be made for the ploughlands of Kerry or the plains of Prussia), but this was not because cricket pitches had been dug into obstacle courses. Education imparts skills which conceivably are immediately applicable to our first line of "defense," but at its best it also insinuates values which in a democracy must always remain the ultimate bulwark of defense. The National Defense Education Act, designed to encourage the production of scientists, engineers and experts in certain "language areas," emphasized skills to the neglect, many think, of values. A nuclear physicist fluent in Kalmuck-Mongolian may be a good man to have around in any future unpleasantness, but there is perhaps as great a need for men who remember Thermopylae and Runnymede and the plains of Troy.

THE supporters of the Kennedy-Clark bill recognized this weakness in the original act—the failure, in Senator Javits' unhappy trope, to allow education "to stand on its bottom as education." They realized, too, that the opponents of the bill had apparently a strong debating point in this coupling of "defense" with "education." For this reason, Javits later in the debate moved to amend the bill, continuing the elimination of the disclaimer affidavit, but preserving the positive oath of loyalty and attaching the standard penalties for perjury. This amendment squeaked through the Senate by a 46-45 vote.

It may or may not come as a surprise that there were Senators who saw, or professed to see, no distinction between a positive oath of loyalty and a negative statement of belief—the disclaimer affidavit. On this point there was pettifogging aplenty. But Senator Kennedy, who showed in sponsoring the bill a kind of courage he once wrote about, showed also patience and skill in countering what must have seemed deliberate dimwittedness. He agreed on the floor to retention of the oath, and when (in the form of the Javits amendment) the point was formally yielded, the Senate gave *de facto* recognition to the distinction between oath and affidavit. The attack then turned on what his opponents supposed was the indecision revealed by the concession.

Senator Mundt, accordingly, moved to amend the Kennedy-Clark bill by substituting for the disclaimer affidavit the standards and penalties of the Smith Act—in slightly different language of untested meaning:

> (f) (1) No person shall hereafter accept any funds, payment, loan, or other benefit made available under the authority of this Act if such person (A) advocates the overthrow of

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the Government of the United States by illegal means, or (B) is a member of an organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by illegal means, knowing that such organization so advocates.

(2) Any person who violates paragraph (1) of this subsection shall be guilty of a felony, and shall be fined not more than $1,000 or imprisoned for not more than one year and a day, or both.

The Mundt maneuver was unsuccessful. When his supporters, admitting Senator Kennedy's claim that this was indeed no more than "a little Smith Act," argued that there was surely no harm in placing the same provisions on the statute books a second time, the Senator—quoting Lord Faulkner—answered with the most effective epigram of the debate: "When it is unnecessary to act, it is necessary not to act." There was also a question of the constitutionality of the Mundt amendment. "If a student," Senator Clark argued, "receiving benefits under the act has to disqualify himself because of ineligibility under the terms of the amendment, he is virtually admitting liability under the Smith Act and is forced to incriminate himself in violation of the Fifth Amendment." There was the possibility, too, that the broad prohibition against advocacy of overthrow of the government might violate the First Amendment. (The first amendment also seemed jeopardized by the original affidavit disclaimer, though this point was not made by any supporter of the Kennedy-Clark bill: while it is permissible and, on occasion, necessary for the government to exert control over the placing of any belief into action, the First Amendment clearly implies that no control may be exercised over the mere holding of an intellectual belief.)

The most effective arguments advanced by the anti-affidavit forces were on grounds of the discrimination against—the insult to—American students, especially needy students, implicit in the disputed provision of the act. Even the opponents of the bill admitted that neither oath nor affidavit was of any use in actually screening out a subversive student who, committed to a sinister ideology, would cheerfully sign anything—the more cheerfully, perhaps, since a little touch of perjury might provide him with a fine immunity from investigation. The Senators might have extended this line of reasoning a little further and concluded, with President Kirk of Columbia, that such an oath is not only useless but worse than useless since "A false sense of security is perhaps the most perilous of all putative assets a country can have."

The kind of discrimination found objectionable was made ludicrously plain by Senator Clark who, in a parliamentary maneuver that would have delighted W. S. Gilbert, moved still another substitute amendment to the effect that not only students, but farmers receiving price supports and businessmen accepting subsidies (at this point Senator McCarthy of Minnesota, getting into the swing of things, suggested that Clark also include school children who get free lunches)—that the whole kit and caboodle be compelled to swear a loyalty oath with one hand if, with the other, they were dipping into the public trough. This tactic cleared the air, but did not impress the Mundtmen across the aisle.

IN THE most lucid and compelling speech of the debate, Senator McCarthy then dissected the loyalty-affidavit requirement in terms of principle and propriety. The Senate was reminded—though the reminder seemed hardly necessary—that a fundamental concept of democratic government is the assumption that a citizen, insofar as crime is concerned, is innocent until proven guilty; that, insofar as his general behavior as a citizen is concerned, the assumption must also be that he is loyal until it has been proved that he is other than loyal. The assumption of the affidavit provision of the National Defense Education Act is just the reverse of this.

A second principle, less widely held perhaps, is that professional groups have the responsibility and the right to govern their own members—the authority of government intervention being reserved in a democracy to occasions when the common good is threatened by the failure of self-discipline in a particular profession. The integrity of the academic community — though apparently questioned — cannot be insured, nor can it be undermined, by the taking of oaths and affidavits. We in the teaching profession all have a lot of disagreeable things to put up with, but somehow students generally are able to hold their own against the faculty, the faculty survives despite the administration, the administration manages despite regents and trustees, and—in the case of state universities—the board of regents seems to survive despite the state legislatures. It cannot be said that as a community we have failed in self-discipline. Until substantial evidence to the contrary is produced, the government has no need nor, it would seem, any right to intervene with measures which purport to guarantee the loyalty of our students.

There is finally the question of propriety. In the Judaeo-Christian tradition of Western civilization, an oath has always had a special character, and the taking of an oath long considered an act of great religious as well as civil significance. Today there is reason to doubt that this is any longer so; the civil significance of an oath seems to have rubbed off with its sacred patina. So at least one might conclude from the massive perjury by some hundred respectable citizens called to testify before a grand jury in connection with the recent television nonsense. It is not enough to explain this away by the routine manner in which oaths are commonly administered. The individual citizen cannot abdicate his responsibility—to himself, or to his government, much less to his God, if he has one. Despite routine, an oath remains a matter of personal dignity and solemn affirmation. Its occasions are special. It will lose something of its luster and significance, as well as its effectiveness, if taken lightly or without due cause and ceremony. But making a loan to a college student is an ordinary contractual piece of business, trivial in itself, perfunctorily undertaken. It diminishes the dignity of the oath, in itself and possibly in the eyes of the student, to compel it on occasions of inconsequence. A man who takes his wife too much for granted may be laying the ground for adul-

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tery; a student accustomed to taking an oath for granted—he must go through the routine at the beginning of each school year—may be unconsciously involved in remote preparation for perjury.

ON JULY 23, the Senate voted 49 to 42 to send the Kennedy-Clark bill back to committee for further study. Its sponsors intend to reintroduce it at the next session of Congress and they have well-grounded hopes of meeting with success on this second try. Their hopes are grounded in the arguments advanced during the debate of last July and are further supported, I think, by a detectable change in the intellectual atmosphere of the Senate itself.

It is inconceivable that when the National Science Foundation Act was discussed in the Senate a decade ago, such a debate as occurred in the past summer could have taken place. That was the dawn of the McCarthy era and Senators and citizens were already looking about for a shady place against the hour when the full heat of McCarthy's day should be upon them. The National Science Foundation does require a disclaimer affidavit, and no Senator at the time objected to it. This may have been because the provisions of the National Science Foundation embraced areas of nuclear research which, conceivably, touched closely on our national security. But this difference should also be noted: the affidavit was required of a *recipient* of an N.S.F. grant; the affidavit is now required of an *applicant* for a federal loan. The larger difference, however, is the less easily definable one—the change of air. There is perceptible impatience in the Senate these days with sloganized patriotism, anti-intellectual innuendo, the exploitation for home consumption of communism as a bugbear, and that game-legged rhetoric whose principal device seems to be the ruptured enthymeme.

Meanwhile, as the Senators settle down to their homework, educators might look again to their lessons. Originally only a handful of colleges and universities refused on principle to participate in the program. (At least one, it is reported, refused not on grounds of principle but because of the fuss, bother and expense of administering the law.) Most institutions have chosen to remain in the program while continuing to press for an amendment to the act such as that proposed in the Kennedy-Clark bill. This is an acceptable if expedient course. The dramatic action of Harvard and Yale in withdrawing from the program is perhaps more exemplary and, because of the prestige of these institutions, may be considered particularly effective.

But how much more effective it would be if, instead of Dr. Pusey phoning Dr. Griswold, a vast network of telephone conversations among presidents of American colleges and universities resulted in concerted action by leaders and spokesmen of American higher education. This is of course Utopian, a comfortable thought, in which we cannot as yet take comfort.

Moral Standards in Foreign Policy.. *by Robert Paul Wolff*

IN RECENT years the vocabulary of Ethics has been pre-empted in discussions of international relations by zealots who see the world situation as a death struggle between Western Christianity and Atheistic Communism. They endow every twist and turn of our foreign policy with the sanctity of divine law, confident that God is in their corner.

Many Americans have been repelled by the smug arrogance of this attitude. In a world of ideology, they are suspicious of all self-serving moralism, preferring to drop "right" and "good" from the language of foreign affairs. Typical is this statement by George Kennan, in his book *Realities of American Foreign Policy*:

> Morality, then, as the channel to individual self-fulfillment — yes. Morality as the foundation of civic virtue, and accordingly as a condition precedent to successful democracy— yes. Morality in governmental method, as a matter of conscience and preference on the part of our people — yes. But morality as a general criterion for the determination of the behavior of states and above all as a criterion for measuring and comparing the behavior of different states — no.

THIS view, in my opinion, is thoroughly mistaken, though I sympathize with the motives behind it. Amoralism in international affairs is as wrong as the moralizing against which Kennan protests. But it is not enough simply to say that Kennan is wrong. There are compelling arguments against the introduction of Ethics into foreign relations, and to rebut them it is necessary to go into the subject at some length. In this article I can only hope to touch on the main aspects of the problem.

First of all, we must clear up a recurrent confusion over two commonly used terms, "idealism" and "realism." Every time we ask what to do in a given situation we are really asking *two* questions. First of all, we look at the facts and ask, What *can* we do? If there is literally only one possibility, then we needn't go any further, for of necessity that is what we will do. (Remember that unpleasant alternatives are still alternatives. Even self-sacrifice is a possibility, as so many martyrs have taught us.) But if there are two or more courses open to us, then we must ask a second question, What *should* we do?

What things can we do? Which of them should we do? This is the structure of every human decision. Now some people ignore the first question. They make all sorts of

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lovely plans, but forget to ask whether any of them is workable. This tendency we can call *Unrealism*. *Realism*, then, is a readiness to look at the facts and sort out real possibilities from unreal fantasies.

Other people ignore the second question. After finding out what can be done, they choose on the basis of whim or self-interest, never troubling to think about what is right or wrong. These people we can call *Amoralists*. By contrast, the *Idealist* is the man who is willing to ask the second question.

Using these definitions as a basis, we see that there are four types of people: (1) the *unrealistic amoralist*, a self-confessed egotist who looks out for number one — and does a bad job of it; (2) the *realistic amoralist* who knows the score, but plays it for himself alone; (3) the *unrealistic idealist*, who substitutes wishful thinking for a knowledge of reality and then blames the world when his schemes don't work; (4) the *realistic idealist*, who knows there is no contradiction between the real and the ideal, that only by seeing the world as it is can we ever make it more as it ought to be.

My whole argument can be summed up by the dictum that Americans should be realistic idealists in foreign affairs. This is not to be confused with some wishy-washy, middle-of-the-road formula like "dynamic conservatism" or "moderate liberalism." I'm not asking for a compromise between ideals and reality. I'm trying to show that facts and values play complementary roles in the determination of policy. Facts are a map, ideals are the destination. Without a map we will lose our way. Without a destination we will wander aimlessly, always sure of where we are, but never of where we are going.

THE MOST powerful objection to realistic idealism comes from thinkers who insist on distinguishing strongly between internal and external political problems. In the passage quoted above, Kennan makes it quite clear that he is not denying the relevance of Ethics to personal, civic or national issues. He only wishes to exclude morality from international relations.

So far as I can see, there are three different lines of argument by which one could deny a moral dimension to foreign policy. These I will dub the sociological, philosophical and practical approaches. Let us examine each one in turn.

The sociological argument takes as its starting point the observable differences in moral standards from one culture to the next. Some people love their enemies, other people eat them. This makes the people who love their enemies stop and wonder whether eating them instead is really so bad. Most men suppose, explicitly or otherwise, that the validity of their moral beliefs is dependent on universal consensus. When they come up against a whole nation which holds different beliefs on the most fundamental moral or political questions, they retreat into a modest relativism — "Of course, I am only saying what I believe; I am not claiming it is true for everybody!" This reaction is not confined to marriage customs or standards of decency in dress — which aren't moral issues anyway. I have actually heard well-intentioned people say, when asked about Hitler's mass murders, "I can't really call that wrong, because the Germans believed different moral principles. I wouldn't have supported him, but. . . ."

THE problem becomes more complicated when it is a matter of political forms. Representative democracy, such as exists today in England or America, is not the only system of government to which an honorable man could give his allegiance. Throughout history men have lived under, and found much to praise in, political systems which would be abhorrent to Americans. Who are we, then, to say that the Soviet Union and China should be condemned for failing to ape the peculiarities of our institutions?

Although the open-mindedness and tolerance of this argument is appealing, I think that it is wrong from start to finish. The premise cannot seriously be maintained by anyone other than a philosopher, and the conclusion is simply irrelevant to the problem of moral standards in foreign policy.

The premise states that we cannot apply our moral standards to other nations which have different and conflicting standards. Now this notion, if taken seriously, would make nonsense out of most Ethical judgments, even within the borders of our nation. We say it is wrong to kick little old ladies in the teeth, even if the lady-kickers think it is just grand. When a murderer announces to the court that he is a superior being and may kill whomever he chooses, we don't take back our condemnation on the grounds that he doesn't agree. The opinion of the evil-doer himself is usually the least reliable, not the most. (I am talking only about the rightness of the fact, not about the praiseworthiness of the actor. Beliefs or intentions might very well serve to mitigate the guilt of the actor, while yet not changing the wrongness of the act itself.)

The same point applies to the actions of other nations. The horrors of the Nazi concentration camps were morally inexcusable, even though the Germans were willing to condone them.

But even if we were to grant the premise, the conclusion of the "sociological" argument would be entirely beside the point, for we are concerned with the status of *our* actions, not those of other countries. When I plead for a realistic idealism, I am not asking the State Department to draw up a moral score sheet on foreign governments. It is *our* policies which should be guided by *our* moral standards. We can try, if we wish, to convince others of the value of those standards, but we needn't wait till we get agreement before acting on them.

THE SECOND attack on morality in foreign affairs is the "philosophical" argument. I have given it this name partly because it is based on a carefully elaborated theory of the nature and purpose of the state, and partly because its exponents include some of the best-known political philosophers in the modern Western tradition. According to this theory, the state is a unique and special political structure which marks a natural boundary between different

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segments of human society. Many families may add up to a city, and many cities to a state, but many states do not form a higher political unity. We signify this fact by calling all the members of a state fellow citizens. The relationship of Americans to one another is fundamentally different from their relationship to Frenchmen or Russians.

The most familiar version of this argument appears in the writings of certain seventeenth- and eighteenth-century philosophers, among whom Locke, Hobbes and Rousseau are the best known. These thinkers adopted the view that the state is based on some kind of social contract. Government, they asserted, is the result of a mutual agreement among men to subordinate their individual interests to the good of all. Some, like Locke, painted a relatively happy picture of the life which precedes the foundation of political society. Others took a dimmer view of natural man. Thomas Hobbes, in one of the most famous passages in modern philosophy, described life in a state of nature as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

But whatever their initial condition, men band themselves together and agree to defend the state with their lives, if necessary. Within the state, therefore, it is meaningful to talk of one man's responsibilities to the next, for all men have accepted those responsibilities as a condition of citizenship.

WHEN IT comes to the relations between nations, the situation changes completely. The citizens of different nations have not made a compact with one another, and hence it is impossible to speak of them as having mutual duties or rights. Locke, thinking in terms of monarchical government, writes, "All princes and rulers of independent governments all through the world are in a state of nature." (Locke, however, thought they still were bound by a "law of nature.") The thrust of the argument, then, is that man's duties to his fellows rest on a special and unique social contract which extends no further than the limits of his political state.

This view, it seems to me, somewhat misconceives the nature of our moral responsibilities. Men bear to one another a great diversity of relationships, on the basis of which they have moral rights and duties. Some of these relationships find expression in economic, social, religious and political organizations: a business, a church, a family, or a town meeting. The nation-state is just such a formal crystallization of associations, and by all odds one of the most important in the modern world. But it is a mistake to suppose that the state has a unique status as the limit or cut-off point of human responsibility. An American living in Ogdensburg, N.Y., or El Paso, Texas, is liable to have a great deal more contact with his neighbors across the border than with fellow-citizens in Idaho or Virginia. It would be grotesque to suggest that morality stops at the border, merely because that is the circumference of the particular set of relationships called the "state." Just as the members of a union or a social club or business firm have a responsibility for the acts which they take collectively as an organization, so the citizens of a nation must never lose sight of their responsibility, through the machinery of the state, to the other peoples of the world.

FINALLY, there is the "practical" approach, which is possibly the hardest to answer, since it doesn't use any subtle philosophical reasoning. According to this argument, moral principles just aren't much help when it comes to the delicate art of diplomacy. Theoretically they may be relevant to foreign relations, but when statesmen try to apply them in actual situations the result, like as not, is complete confusion. Better by far to seek the more modest goal of preserving the *status quo*, with perhaps a slight improvement when the situation permits.

Mr. Kennan catches the spirit of this attitude perfectly in the passage just following the one quoted above. After denying a role to morality in international relations, he says, "Here other criteria, sadder, more limited, more practical, must be allowed to prevail." It is experience speaking, resigned and free of illusions.

Those who adopt this point of view tend to look back nostalgically to the days of professional diplomacy which Winston Churchill described so well in *The World Crisis*. "A sentence in a dispatch, an observation by an ambassador, a cryptic phrase in a Parliament seemed sufficient to adjust from day to day the balance of prodigious structure. Words counted, and even whispers. A nod could be made to tell."

But this balance of opposing powers was the consequence, not the cause, of the pre-World War I stability. A balance can only operate when it stands on a firm base. If the base itself is pitching and tossing, the addition of weights to one side or the other will scarcely make a difference.

THE international situation today is anything but static. Everywhere there are economic, social and political developments which make even yearly almanacs seem out of date. The only constant factor is unceasing change. Consequently the image of a "balance" of power is misleading. Before a balance is achieved, the weights will change their values and new ones be added. In such a world, "realism" unguided by a concern for long-term goals will leave us lost and confused. As events rush by, we will behave like a punch-drunk fighter, blocking after the blow has landed and seeing the openings too late. To the realism of the diplomats must be added a picture of the kind of world we seek to create. Let me emphasize once more that I am not talking about misty-eyed dreaming. There is no chance, for example, that the Nationalist Chinese will recapture the mainland, so we might as well stop longing for that dubious blessing. On the other hand, it is still an open question what sorts of political systems will develop in Africa and Southeast Asia. We must have some belief about what *ought* to happen there, if we want to have any effect on what *does* happen.

In other words, we must ask ourselves both questions about our foreign policy. We must be realists to know the world as it is, and idealists to know what we want it to become.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Survival in Sicily

REPORT FROM PALERMO. By Danilo Dolci. The Orion Press. 310 pp. $4.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

THE American Friends of Italy and William Randolph Hearst, Jr. should gather at the Biltmore for one last ceremony together—to eat this book!

Last July, a few weeks after the elections in Sicily, sixty or so of the "Friends" feted Hearst and the publisher of the New York *Journal-American* for "the intervention of the Hearst newspapers in the letter writing campaign organized by the American Friends of Italy, [which] helped to turn the tide against the forces of the godless Communists on this strategic island."

First of all, nothing of the sort was achieved: Communists and Socialists each gained a seat, and the Christian Socialists, Milazzo's Catholic splinter group allied to the Left—here was the tide—won heavily despite the Vatican's threat to excommunicate those who voted for the "Communists and their allies." Secondly, the prominent Italian-Americans who campaigned to "Save Sicily"—especially former New York Mayor Impelletteri, three U. S. District Court judges, a Customs Court judge, a surrogate judge and a New York Supreme Court justice—should have been informed about what they were saving Sicily for. Instead, carried away by their own mission, they did the usual out-of-context talking about democracy, freedom and human rights.

Now, with Dolci's book bringing them back to the mark, even American politicians, judges and prominent Italian-Americans will have to face reality. From western Sicily, in the city and province of Palermo (an area slightly larger than our Rhode Island) some forty or fifty "witnesses" have contributed their stories in their own clear, straightforward words, and the result is a first-rate inquest into the island's colossal misery. This form of presentation, a version of our twentieth-century propensity for statistical sociology, is not new in Italy. A few years back, Rocco Scotellaro compiled similar histories among the peasants of his native region in the foot of Italy. As sociology these books are unique: the enormous vitality and character of the "case studies" route any attempt at rigorous scientific discipline. What we get from Scotellaro and from Dolci are such passionate, human books about Italy and its various people as even the country's novelists are not producing.

IT is a condition peculiar to Sicily, I suppose, that this book about unemployment and semi-employment seems mainly to be about the self-employed. The fact is that Sicilians are not idle people; they have a passionate will to live, and if there are no jobs the average Sicilian will invent one. Or, as this book shows, he may invent several. He'll trudge twenty-five miles gathering a sack of wild greens which, after he soaks and washes and sorts them, will bring him a dollar. He'll go out and pick up sticks in the woods or gather snails and frogs. Sometimes he'll pick pockets or peddle smuggled cigarettes. He'll row out to meet an American ocean liner whose cook sells him plate scrapings, which he in turn sells to the starved and half-starved. He'll go gleaning wheat ears among the stubble after harvest (going halves with the landowner). The Sicilian won't beg, but he'll swindle and cheat. He'll hire himself out as a barker and write verses about the quality of your macaroni. He'll tell your fortune. He'll apply leeches for whatever ails you.

In other words his industry is constant: he refuses to surrender to starvation. In this way the fish cleaners, junk peddlers, barkers, pickpockets, black-marketeers, shoemakers, moneylenders, procurers, rag-pickers, lottery ticket-sellers, fishermen, organ grinders, fortune tellers, farm laborers, goatherds and sharecroppers who pass before us in these modern tales of medieval existence are noble, even heroic characters—the sharpers included—and their stories are comic and sad and brave.

However, there isn't even freedom enough in Sicily for a man to starve on his own terms. A whole governing class sits on the country with the immovable weight of centuries, seeing to it that human lives are ruined *their* way. Money is the power that makes the law. It buys Mafia guns to shoot down those who demand their rights (one town has lost 138 men this way since the war). It bribes voters to cast their ballots the way they're told ("I'll give you a pound of pasta if you vote for my party"). It threatens a mother whose child was poisoned by an incompetent pharmacist ("Keep quiet about it . . . you're poor and they're rich"). It allows the owner of a stone quarry to hire boys under fifteen for an eleven-hour day, doing work that permanently deforms their bones ("Owners don't hire men . . . it would cost them much more in wages, not to mention family allowances"). It sends a young cowherd to prison for four years because he picked two bunches of herbs out of a *padrone's field!*

But the Sicilian is shrewd: he knows himself and he knows his oppressors. In the end what is so depressing in these accounts is not really the condition of the individuals, not the roofs falling down on people, not the illiteracy, not the overcrowded existence, but the social and political system by which these outrageous acts are upheld. Italy is a ramshackle democracy set on a decaying feudal foundation. It supports a vast and incredibly corrupt body of governors—police and *carabinieri*, judges and property owners, clergy and that endless number of officials who inhabit police stations, city halls and government buildings—all of them preying off the unfortunate who have no recourse but to submit.

The description of extreme poverty and hunger as related by these witnesses won't take root crossing the ocean to America. We're so electronically up-to-date on global violence and disaster that destitution, a relatively quiet phenomenon, no longer sinks in. But I think Americans are still sensitive to the kind of humiliation which is the rule in Italy and appears everywhere in this book, but that went out in America with Herbert Hoover. The following, for instance, related by a farm worker:

> According to custom we all gather . . . in the piazza at four every morning; it's the market for flesh and blood. There we stand waiting, all us men that are for sale, waiting for the half-dozen landowners to come by and pick out the four or five that each of them wants to hire. As soon

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as they get to the piazza the auction begins.

"You—how much do you want?" an owner will say to one of us.

"Eight hundred lire," may be his answer.

"What! eight hundred lire!" says the owner. "I never heard of such a price!" and he walks off, goes over to somebody else and says, "What about you? I'll pay five hundred," or whatever he feels like paying. . . .

The man thinks of all the times he's stood in the piazza, of his children, of his wife's nagging. . . . He thinks of it all and says in desperation:

"All right, I'll take the five hundred."

The armchair revolutionist may consider an explosion the only way out for Sicily: something on the order of the Sicilian Vespers, the mutinous massacre in Palermo back in 1282. And many Sicilians will agree. Meanwhile, before the blood flows—perhaps keeping the blood from flowing—Danilo Dolci is in the middle doing an extraordinary job. Whether you think that's good or bad, the real revolution or just a patch-up job, depends on what your politics are. The Gandhi-Saint Francis nonsense aside also, Dolci is an extremely courageous young man who is showing up the embrace of immoral church and corrupt state which goes for government in Italy today. We must all thank him for that.

Rabid Idealist

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN: An American Mind. By Richard B. Hovey. Columbia University Press. 391 pp. $6.50.

Ernest Samuels

MAD as he sometimes acted, John Jay Chapman was a singularly appealing crusader in a lifetime of causes lost and won. A wayward and eccentric conscience, he was one of the most remarkable men in an age that had its full share of prophets and deliverers. His writings are all of a piece in their idealistic fervor. His aphorisms often reveal a master maker of phrases. One cannot help but admire his defense of humanistic studies, even though it is based on transcendental sand.

Richard Hovey has written a readable and well-documented study of Chapman. He calls it a "mental biography," and being concerned mainly with the "ideas" of his subject, has attempted to play down the "usual elements" of a narrative biography. Fortunately, the attempt is only partially successful. The rich source materials and Hovey's own instinct for the tragic drama of Chapman's career have made the book an engrossing portrait of one of the most baffling figures in an age of bafflement.

Born in 1862 of an aristocratic New York family, descended on his mother's side from the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and on his father's side from early Pilgrim stock, Chapman gravitated toward Harvard and a career of public service like countless other scions of Brahmin families. He studied law, but in his Wall Street office he practiced politics and literature. He eagerly joined in the reform enthusiasms of the early nineties, becoming a co-worker with the young Theodore Roosevelt in the Good Government movement. He gamely faced hostile Tammanyites from the tailgates of market wagons and as a poll-watcher discovered the corrupt alliance of business and politics. After nearly ten years of frustration and disillusionment he set down his reflections on American politics in a powerful exposé of "commercialism" as the force which was corrupting every aspect of American life.

That tract for the times, *Causes and Consequences*, foreshadowed his lifelong career as a social and cultural critic, as an "agitator" and an Emersonian individualist. Hereafter he called himself a "no organization" man, now convinced that the way to reform lay in Thoreau's majority of one, the man able to march to the drumbeat of his private conscience. But in a time of rugged individualism in commerce and intense social conformity, he eloquently defended the societal instincts of cooperation and mutual help and called for a healthy non-conformity. He scored the new science as a de-humanizing force and a too-willing confederate of the money-making spirit. He recognized also the shabby pseudo-science of Spencer's and of Sumner's social Darwinism.

Yet in spite of his admirable high-mindedness, his humanitarianism, and his acute literary sensibilities, Chapman was in later life to be seduced again and again by unworthy causes and desperate enthusiasms and his career became a disappointing mass of contradictions. He remained a gifted amateur, going his own inspired way to the delight and frequent exasperation of his many friends. His idealism found answering echoes in the hearts of men like William and Henry James, John La Farge and Bernard Berenson, H. O. Taylor and Langdon Mitchell. Woodrow Wilson and Viscount Grey listened to his pet scheme for disarmament. His intimates admired his quixotic courage, relished the wit and irony of his essays, even applauded his versifying; they pardoned his eccentricities because of his immense personal charm.

Professor Hovey has tried to rescue Chapman from the oblivion into which he and his writings have fallen in

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The Interview

Doubtless the leather chair in which I curled,
Awaiting the Director, had much to do
With how I smiled when he entered. My view
Gave on a steamed window where gray snow swirled.

His neat teak desk, his amber lamp, occasioned
A coolness of response. His black steel file
Telescoped behind him, high as the wall,
Like *No* squares blackened on my application.

In answer to his signal, a secretary
Swayed at the door; took a letter that mentioned
Me not once. I helped his gaze. I sanctioned
His concerted procedures to try to hurry.

Said: "Well, this is not bad, as offices go. . . .
The legs and walls are good. Still, I regret.
Appointments at other offices must be met,
Though my whole day is booked solidly with snow."

DAVID GALLER

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the quarter-century since his death. The thesis of the book is that "Chapman is a critic of American culture; that his central subject is the American mind." It aims to refute Mark Van Doren's damning judgment, written twenty years ago upon the appearance of M. A. DeWolfe Howe's biography, that Chapman was fundamentally incoherent, though a "splendid spectacle" of a man. It is a gallant defense, but the odds are hopeless. The confusing evidence of the thousands of items in the Houghton Library collection and the thorough honesty of the analysis tie the advocate's hands.

The pursuit of Chapman's ideas is sorely hampered by the abnormal tensions of his personality. He was plagued by repeated nervous breakdowns. The first came when he was only fourteen, his Puritan conscience unable to bear the sense of guilt inculcated by a fantastically zealous headmaster. Professor Hovey tells the incredible story of the second breakdown scrupulously and with admirable tact. In a fit of jealous suspicion, compounded by delusions of his own sexual impotence, Chapman brutally assaulted young Perceval Lowell who had been paying innocent attentions to a young woman with whom Chapman had fallen in love. Tortured by remorse, Chapman punished himself with fiercely Biblical rigor. He held his left hand in a bed of live coals for several minutes so that it had to be amputated. He married the young woman and lost her after the birth of their third child. In 1901, a few years after his second marriage, he suffered a complete nervous collapse and for a year he was grotesquely crippled by a hysterical paralysis.

THE next cyclic recurrence came without physical manifestations. In World War I he appears to have given way to paranoiac obsessions and flung his energies into a wild crusade of hate and the glorification of war. The pathological hymns of hate were followed by obsessions with the Red Scare and the "Jewish Menace" of the twenties and these were succeeded by crackpot forays against the dangers of Catholicism. None the less, with the sane part of his mind, Chapman continued to write perceptive essays on religion, Greek life and many other topics, though his aphoristic style was beginning to have a somewhat old-fashioned ring.

One can barely suggest the complexity of the personality problem which Professor Hovey seeks to unravel. His excursions into depth psychology are all too brief to provide an adequate configuration for the intellectual activity of his subject. The account might have been made more meaningful also from the point of view of the general thesis of the book by showing more explicitly that Chapman's was only an extreme case of the prophetic temperament in American life, an example of the mystic who lives on the razor's edge of sanity. He was not alone in taking flight by way of tradition into a curiously unreal world in which the common man was the common enemy. His progress toward reaction recalls the tortured path of his equally frustrated contemporary Brooks Adams, who like him was obsessed with the spiritual evils of the new industrialized society. As one searches among their high-placed contemporaries one finds evidence of a sympathetic contagion. The delusions were to come to a climax in Ezra Pound.

The detailed summaries of his essays which make up a large part of this book illustrate, sometimes to the point of boredom, that Chapman's thought ran in narrow and often shallow channels. A facility for easy generalizations swamps much of his work. His distrust of the scientific spirit cut him off from much of the vital thought of his time. Seen in the long perspective of his career, his recurring aberrations bring into high relief the basic inadequacy of his social philosophy.

Look Back to Anger

THE ANGER OF ACHILLES: Homer's *Iliad*. Translated by Robert Graves. Doubleday & Co. 383 pp. $4.95.

George Steiner

ONE could write a fascinating history of the Anglo-Saxon temper and of its dominant poetic traditions using as one's only source the translations of Homer into English. From the early seventeenth century to the present, they form a rich, unbroken series. The Homeric texts have provoked the skill and labor of great poets, statesmen, philosophers and cranks. In all but their devotion to Homer, these translators or traducers differ radically from one another: George Chapman (still the prince of them all), Thomas Hobbes, Pope, Cowper, William Cullen Bryant, Samuel Butler, William Morris, T. E. Lawrence. Their name is legion. In the past decade alone, half a dozen partial or complete versions have appeared. E. V. Rieu's *Odyssey* is said to have reached a million readers; A. H. Chase and W. K. Perry published their prose *Iliad* in 1950. A year later, Richmond Lattimore issued his verse translation of the action before Troy, and Robert Fitzgerald is presently completing a poetic rendering of the *Odyssey*.

And what is fascinating is the manner in which these successive versions of Homer not only express the particular talent or incapacity of the individual translator, but the changes in our sensibility and moral attitudes. They are markers along the shores of language and conduct. Each in turn attempts to restore the true quality of Homer; but each sees the Homeric text in the light of its own time and shows some awareness of previous translations. The translators address themselves to Homer, to their contemporaries, and to the other poets who have translated the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* before them. Each, moreover, casts something of his own image on to the mirror of his text. Chapman's Homer is a sonorous, erudite poet of the late Middle Ages; Pope's a decorous narrator of noble myths; the author of T .E. Lawrence's *Odyssey* is a sophisticated novelist who has sailed the seas with Conrad. The real miracle is Homer's persistent relevance, the way in which successive generations go back to Troy and Ithaca to arrive at a consciousness of their own condition. The great saga of twentieth-century urban life is called *Ulysses*.

THAT Robert Graves should join the guild of the "sons of Homer" was to be expected, for no poet or man of letters in our time is more expressive of the genius of classic literature. His poetry has the cool intelligence and clarity of Latin verse. His imagination, like that of the Greek poets and romancers, is wholly possessed by the reality of myth. In the work of Graves there lives again that alliance of reason and mythology, of the fantastic and the urbane, which vanished from much of European art after the collapse of Hellenism. More than any previous translator (with the possible exception of Lawrence), Graves is qualified for his Homeric enterprise by the circumstances of his own life. He knows the enthralling bestiality of close combat. Like the *Iliad*, *Goodbye to All That* is a classic account of men

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at war. A poet who has crawled through gas-stinking shell holes into the perilous silence of no-man's land is eminently equipped to render for us the night foray of Odysseus and Diomedes. Graves's life on Majorca, moreover, has its Homeric coloring. That island is one of the few places remaining on the modern map where the furnishings and emotions of antique culture have realness. Ancient carts still lumber up through precipitous fields and the dark olive trees twist under the wind; small dinghies take shelter in the rocky inlets at the approach of those fierce Mediterranean storms which play so large a role in Homer; the cadences of life and death are patriarchal and pastoral, and Graves himself resides on his promontory like an archaic monarch. Doubtless, he has long carried in his passionate and singing mind this rendering of *The Anger of Achilles*. He has told the tale of Troy after his own fashion in *The Greek Myths* and given his joyous solution to the riddle of the authorship of the *Odyssey* in *Homer's Daughter*. Now he has taken his long dialogue with Homer and things Homeric to the point of actual translation.

THE result is wonderfully Gravesian: brisk, lucid, intensely readable and original. The bulk of the narrative is rendered into swift prose. Invocations, stock metaphors, major similes and passages that are in some way formulaic or incantatory are given in verse. Not, however, in the ample, solemn measures chosen by previous translators such as Lattimore; Graves works, rather, in short lyric rhymes akin to his own poetry. The resulting alternation of prose and verse gives to his translation (and particularly to the narratives of battle) a vivacious brilliance which no earlier version has matched:

> Next, Prince Helenus, son of Priam, dealt Deipyrus a mortal blow on the temple with a Thracian broadsword, which sent his helmet spinning; a Greek picked it up as it rolled between his feet. Menelaus of the Loud War-Cry then resolved to avenge Deipyrus, by attacking Helenus. Helenus, however, shot an arrow at him before he could throw a spear.
>
> When strong the sea-wind whistles,
> Our threshing-floor we man,
> Where swarthy beans or chick-peas
> Await a winnowing-fan.
>
> Into the wind we toss them,
> From fans both wide and deep;
> For though the chaff goes flying
> They'll tumble in a heap.
>
> The arrow glanced off Menelaus' corslet, like a chick-pea tossed by a winnowing fan; but Menelaus' spear drew blood. It pierced Helenus' bow-hand, and he retired, trailing the shaft behind him. Prince Agenor removed it; took some twisted yarn which one of his squires carried for such emergencies, and bound up the wound.

There are nuances in the original which this retelling misses (Agenor is the "shepherd of the people"; hence the appropriateness of the fact that he bandages the hand with a twist of wool fleece). But the essential movement is beautifully conveyed and Graves's verse brings out the way in which the simile of the winnowing-fan is an exact counterpart to the larger action.

The Anger of Achilles is not meant to be a crib or a line-by-line translation. It marks the passage of a great poem through the sensibility and blood and bones of another poet some three thousand years later. Its essential unit is not any given chunk of verse, but rather the particular episode. Graves works in paragraphs and thus the tumult of eloquence and battle moves across our sight with as clear a grace as it does on a Greek vase. The scholarship is that of a poet, reinventing in order to be more faithful to his text. Over the entire XVIth Book hangs the shadow of Patroclus' impending death. Homer compares the marshaled Myrmidons to wolves. Graves discerns in the comparison the ironic note of the doom of their beloved Patroclus:

> Their jaws with blood are red
> As in a pack they go,
> Most sumptuously fed,
> To where dark waters flow.
>
> Thin-tongued they lie and lap
> The surface of a pool
> And belching, chap to chap,
> Their throats at leisure cool.

Not quite the literal sense (Homer's wolves belch up clotted blood), but near enough by the nearness of poetry.

The principal objection to *The Anger of Achilles* is Graves's refusal to accord the Homeric text its full measure of pathos and rhetorical solemnity. He believes that much of the *Iliad* was conceived as satire and that Homer was "utterly cynical about the Olympian gods." Agamemnon, in particular, would be a comic, mean personage exposed to unvarying ridicule. Throughout the epic runs a broad strain of "concealed comedy." Now whether or not this theory

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makes scholarly sense is not very important. What matters is its effect on the actual text. And here there are specific failures of tone. Nestor is not as garrulous as Graves makes him out, nor Achilles as consistently bombastic. And at some of the pre-eminent moments — Hector's farewell to Andromache, Priam's night-visit to Achilles — Graves's virtues betray him. The luminous ease of his style, its bias toward "entertainment," detract from the dark, profoundly tragic music of the Homeric lines.

This dissent bears on only a small part of Graves's achievement. But the publishers have tried to force one's hand. Ronald Searle was commissioned to illustrate *The Anger of Achilles*, and the result is disastrous. These nervous, jagged little drawings are meant to be satiric in the broadest vein. All they do, in fact, is to exploit one single aspect in Graves's view of Homer to the point of farce. Thus, the prescription for the proper use of Graves's *Iliad* is as follows: should not be *shown* to the young, but *read* to them. Read with joy, and ferocity, and a nose for blood. No translation will do more to send its listeners back to Homer, and that, surely, is the mark of its excellence.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

Paris

THE PLACE DES VOSGES, with its uniform façades of pink brick and warm gray stone, is one of the noblest examples in Paris of seventeenth-century architectural design. No. 6, where Victor Hugo lived—a corner house overlooking both the square and the playground of the school next door—is maintained as a museum to house the great man's personal mementos and literary relics. All four floors of the building are decorated after the taste of his times in dark red damask and dark varnished wood. The occasion for my visit was the small additional exhibit now being held to commemorate the centenary of *La Légende des Siècles*, an epic poem judged by many to be the finest in French since the *Chanson de Roland*.

French admiration for Hugo is grudging but sincere. Remember Cocteau's celebrated little joke that Victor Hugo was a madman who believed he was Victor Hugo; and Gide, when asked who was the greatest French poet, said "Victor Hugo, alas!" All this one knows. What one is less likely to know is that Hugo was also an admirable painter. To prove it, there hang in his museum—alongside the family portraits and all the insipid illustrations to his writings by contemporary artists—some 350 drawings and water colors by Hugo himself. Their freedom and vigor are incomparably more impressive than the Victorian niceties of the professional work on show beside them.

These pictures range from tiny album-leaf sketches to water colors almost four feet long. The colors are restrained and somber — blacks, grays, browns and tans — done in pen, brush, India ink and sepia. The lighting is dramatic: the tamest of the architectural drawings has a nightmare quality. The boldness of the brushwork and the systematic use of spattering, smearing and scratching to vary tone and texture make the pictures strangely like the drawings of Bérard, Tchelitchew, Brian Gysen and the other neo-Romantic painters of our time. Which is not surprising, since Hugo was a real Romantic.

The subjects are elaborate and varied; travel sketches from France, England, along the Rhine; imaginary landscapes; illustrations for his books; a castle in Spain; the cathedral at Rheims, crouching on its low hill like a hurt animal; the hand of an abbess raised in benediction; a nude in bed; an abandoned cannon; a fisherwoman watching the sea in storm; fanciful variations on his own initials; the sewers of Paris seen from within and portrayed as the bowels of a leviathan; fantastic animals; horrid or malicious caricatures such as *Mlle. George in Amorous Undress*, wherein the celebrated actress is shown standing, a vacuous mountain of flesh, naked in an open *robe de chambre*; *The Eddystone Lighthouse*, flying the Union Jack and laced with mottoes, as jerry-built, improvised and rickety as the British Empire itself, which it is most probably intended to represent.

Painting skill of this order is surprising in a writer. A great many painters write, some extremely well. The list is unending — from Vasari and Michelangelo to Van Gogh and Dali. But the writers whose paintings can be taken seriously are very few. With the possible exception of Leonardo (who I believe thought of himself as man of science first and painter afterwards), William Blake is the only other besides Hugo I can recall offhand. And just as the painter-writers for the most part write about painting, it is not surprising that Blake and Hugo, the writer-painters, both paint about writing. That is to say, their pictures announce moods, or illustrate ideas, more fully developed elsewhere in their literary work. And, satisfied with the immediate effectiveness of water color, neither Blake nor Hugo had any need to attempt the more difficult problems of painting in oil.

BUT here the likeness ends. Blake lived in England where the tradition of painting was insular and new: the English School was begun by Hogarth only sixty years before him. Blake, besides, was a medievalist in revolt against his century and his century's ways. The manner of painting he devised for himself was a form of pre-Rubensism, more limited and insular even than the tradition he refused to follow. Consequently, his pictures, however interesting to the literary world, are too affected and provincial to have any place in the history of painting. Hugo, on the other hand, had no such reserves about his times. Living in a period of intense artistic activity, in constant contact with painting and painters, he was able to turn out pictures whose force, invention and originality are impressive today.

Not satisfied with being a painter, Hugo was a decorator as well. What a

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delightful dining room he designed and executed for Juliette Drouet, his mistress! Its style is a sort of nineteenth-century Chinese-Rococo with racks and cabinets and ornate fireplace made to frame a collection of Chinese plates and porcelain figurines. The panels are incised in pyrography with dragons and tiny comic Chinese personages, and painted black and gold and green and red in imitation lacquer — handsome and extraordinarily professional. Of the personal souvenirs the most touching to me is a mirror, adorned by Hugo with birds and flowers, which carries this dedication to his young son:

Passereaux et rouges-gorges
Venez des airs et des eaux,
Venez tous faire vos orges,
Messieurs les petits oiseaux,
Chez Monsieur le petit Georges.

One is reminded, after all, that Hugo was a poet.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE NEW Rodgers and Hammerstein attraction *The Sound of Music* (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre) with a book by Lindsay and Crouse—suggested, the program reads, by *The Trapp Family Singers* by Maria Augusta Trapp—is a bundle of sugar. *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific* are stark realism when compared to *The Sound of Music.*

I have no objection to sweets; a bit of sugar is salutary. But I found, as the performance of *The Sound of Music* went on, that I lost my sense of taste. The absence of contrast paralyzed my capacity for specific response to what I was being fed.

The candy is prettily packaged. The cast is proficient, and Mary Martin is perennially bright. Among the seven "Trapp" children, one or two are darling, and they all sing and play together in pleasing unity. There is hardly any dancing. The tunes and lyrics are not among the masters' best.

ONLY IN AMERICA (Cort) is a dramatization by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee of the "life" and writings of Harry Golden, whose first collection of pieces from his newspaper *The Carolina Israelite* bore the same name as the play. The daily press treated it rather harshly. This seems to me unfair. The play is, no doubt, sentimental, indeed corny, but since when have we sworn off sentiment or corn in our theatre?

There are other faults. Herman Shumlin, the director, has permitted or instructed Nehemiah Persoff (as Harry Golden) and several other members of the cast to press too hard, to shout too much and to point everything up too sharply so that the play's shortcomings are rendered more conspicuous than they need be. Greater casualness in the presentation of the play's folksy material might have served it much better.

Still, it is a genial show. Harry Golden's story—the emergence of a New York East Side young man as a popular and beloved figure on the Southern and ultimately on the national scene—is attractive and touching. Representative too. For what is Harry Golden but a mixture of rabbinical and Will Rogers humor? Perhaps it is too late now to speak of America as "the melting pot." (Someone has compared American civilization to a "tossed salad.") But is it not a fact that remnants of Jewish humanism in the citified form it takes in some of our popular entertainers (from George Gershwin to Eddie Cantor), mingled with the quizzical forthrightness of the old-time cracker box philosopher, is unmistakably and beneficently American?

Only in America is moralistic with affable unction. It joshes us into a mood of good-fellowship (what is sometimes intolerably called "tolerance"). It is against "ghettoes"—Jewish, Negro, Puerto Rican. This does not solve problems. It does not probe to the root of any of our ills. It hopes to kill evil with kindness. It will not save us. But it is nonetheless, for all the embarrassment it might cause the tough-minded, somehow ameliorative.

One more item worth mentioning in regard to *Only in America* is the question of its possible success. A good play, according to a large number of people, is one which achieves success. This proposition may be a bit more complex than it appears. For though *Only in America*—due to the adverse press—may prove a box-office failure, in which case it would have to be set down as a "bad" play, it is my belief that a publicity campaign à la David Merrick (Broadway's baby Barnum) might turn it into a hit—in which case it would have to be declared a "good" play.

NO TRIFLING WITH LOVE (St. Mark's Playhouse) was written by Alfred de Musset to be published (1834); it was first produced on the stage of France's state theatre in 1867. It has held the boards in France almost continuously since then and is accounted a masterpiece by most critics there. I first saw it in 1923 with Pierre Fresnay in the leading role (the sets were by Marie Laurencin) and was wholly charmed.

I still like it, even in its present very humble production in which only two of the young actors are adequate to their task. Most other reviewers regarded the play as having at best only antiquarian interest, though the French still enjoy it thoroughly when acted by someone like Gérard Philipe. Though it loses much in translation, it is an exquisite piece: sentimental and, even in its own time, rather quaint.

Alfred de Musset's sentiment is made poignant not only by the melodiousness of his writing but by a kind of self-mocking sense of disappointment with the inadequacy of his own romantic idealism. For all the heritage of our classic discipline, the superiority and skepticism of our modern education,

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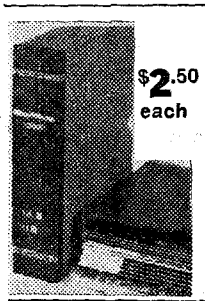

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the new-found freedom from ancient prejudice and superstition, the poet seems to say, we are still not wise, truthful, or happy. The greatest of our sins and the source of our confusion is pride. But if our confusion corrupts us and makes us suffer, it is in this very suffering that our worth lies. Whatever the value of the statement in terms of thought, as art the play still retains the bitter-sweet freshness and glamour of a Chopin étude.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

TWO YEARS AGO, when the daily press was fence-straddling the question of Leonard Bernstein's accession to the New York Philharmonic directorship, I said here that I was glad he had been given the job. I had two main reasons. One was a conviction that the Philharmonic—and, indeed, all major American orchestras—should ultimately be placed in the hands of native-born and trained musicians. This is not a matter of chauvinism; it has to do with the rapport essential between a director and his audience, as with his relation to American culture as a whole. The second reason was my respect for abilities Bernstein had already shown, and my hope that, given this opportunity, his stature would develop still further.

Since then I have had moments of misgiving. Certain musical aspects of Bernstein's directorship continue to disturb me, and the insistent publicity for his personal glamour is sometimes almost unendurable. But I still believe that this gifted, enigmatic conductor has it within his power to make a huge and lasting contribution to American cultural life. It is evident that he thoroughly understands the complex of different functions that must be performed by an American musical leader. Many of these would not confront an eminent European musician. An American conductor cannot discharge his duty simply by directing a fine performance of the *Eroica*. For Bruno Walter, that would be enough. For Monteux, it is sufficient if he makes *Le Sacre* sit up straight, or so performs a German masterwork that we can marvel at the brilliance of the French intellect in dealing with an alien mode of thought. But an American conductor, especially in the 1950s, must be a complete musician, an educator, an uncoverer of new national musical resources, and the possessor of a personality capable of winning a broad musical public. A good portion of this new public would doubtless settle for the personality; it is certain that without it a conductor cannot hold them long enough to perform his other functions.

Bernstein is fulfilling his educational duties with an imagination and *élan* that few could match. His Thursday night "previews" have satisfied a segment of the audience that wants to be educated through words. His *Omnibus* television programs have had an immense impact on the whole nation, and I am sure that repercussions from the Philharmonic's Moscow appearances will be considerable. As a discoverer of executant talent and as sponsor, Bernstein is also exemplary. He has instituted a system whereby three young assistant conductors will be appointed to the Philharmonic each season—an effective step toward the day when the majority of our conductors will be Americans. Seymour Lipkin (who is also being heard with the Philharmonic as piano soloist), Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg and Kenneth Schermerhorn are the three for this season. It is required that they prepare the entire repertory of scheduled works, so that they will be ready to step up on the podium in any emergency. That is a staggering assignment! These men will advance more in this one season than they would otherwise have done in a decade.

The roster of soloists for the season is similarly youthful, and carries the names of a number of artists who, save for Bernstein's desire to give them a proper place in our concert life, might have no immediate hope of playing with the Philharmonic. Lipkin, Jacques Klein, Claude Frank, David Bar-Illan, Byron Janis, Philippe Entremont, John Browning—the list goes on. I heard Jacques Klein in his debut with the orchestra, and he gave a performance of the Rachmaninoff *Third Piano Concerto* that set my nerves tingling for days. It was playing of top caliber, by a man completely matured and brilliant at twenty-nine. Whether the "discovery" of this Brazilian pianist should be credited to Eleanor De Carvalho, the Brazilian conductor who led the orchestra that night, or to Bernstein, it was a part of the Philharmonic's new policy that he appeared.

NEVERTHELESS, there are still negatives to be weighed in the Bernstein balance. One of these is that his programs do not always sound as interesting as they promise on paper. Last season, for example, works were scheduled by Ives, Ruggles, Riegger, Becker and Schuman, and when they were played it was apparent that they were the wrong pieces by the right men. This year's schedule bears the mark of a much surer programing hand. And yet, for one reason or another, the concerts I have so far attended have not been ones to send you away glowing. The Gala Opening Concert, for example, grouped Beethoven's *"Egmont" Overture*, his *Concerto for Piano, Violin, Violoncello and Orchestra*, and the Shostakovitch *Fifth Symphony*. I had forgotten, until reminded by the music, that the Beethoven *Triple Concerto* is a dull piece. Not all the program-note salesmanship in the world will revive it from the neglect it deserves. Moreover, it was not well played. I have never heard John Corigliano, the orchestra's concertmaster, scatter so many uncertainties and out-of-tune notes through a performance. And Mr. Bernstein's conducting from the piano, although it always goes perfectly well, has become an annoyance to more than a few members of his audience. It is, I'm afraid, a conceit that has worn thin in a hurry. People at the intermission that night were wondering aloud whether the "Philharmonic couldn't afford another soloist."

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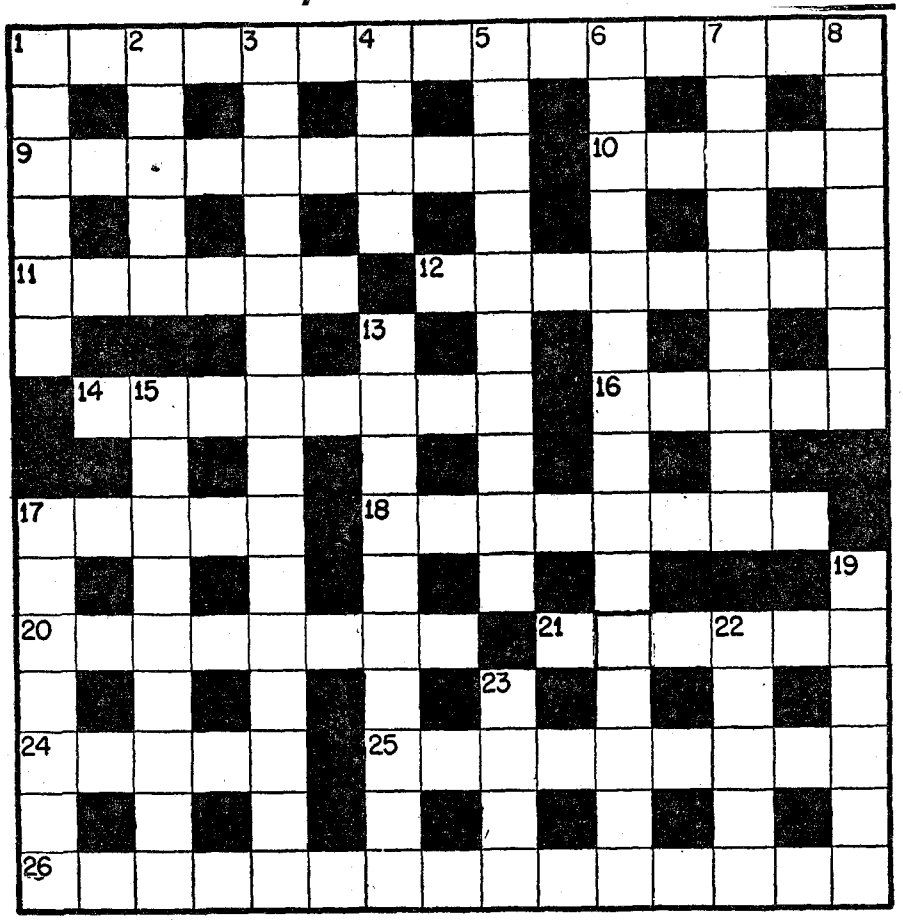
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The top monarch Ophir turned out like a human, yet godlike. (15)

9 Make too many copies of the book, or just put one type on top of another? (9)

10 Proving art is virtually friendless. (5)

11 and 8 Would it come up with a number of ideas of Woolworth, for example? (6, 7)

12 Give up, albeit unwillingly, the result of ejection in the army, perhaps. (5, 3)

14 Metal cap which might go under the plate. (5, 3)

16 This town should get an E for Effort. (5)

17 Dispose of kid, wrong side out. (5)

18 Betsy, perhaps, in her needlework, would prove game. (8)

20 What not to do to the beans on the road? (It's water over the dam!)

21 Silly geese, to make a joke on a broken leg! (6)

24 It might cost you money to see one.

25 Is the quality of refusing to combine with some liquids missing in stannum? Quite the reverse! (9)

26 Seems to imply a Government-controlled Church, but Marco and Giuseppe ran on little errands for one. (8, 2, 5)

DOWN:

1 Be rich in one jump. (6)

2 But the nurse may not do it for nothing! (5)

3 Filled with this, people find fault, and so prefer lunch as a change.

4 Brace by means of soft breeze? (4)

5 Find one branch like another, though perhaps light at one time.

6 Implies at least one turn with a ram, but the 8 type don't advocate a change. (15)

7 They should be in agreement, but cause mischief with shattering noise.

13 Combine this with a bad French state in short, partner! (10)

15 India coal is not particularly warm! (9)

17 An old Egyptian shaker is coming up to play the banjo. (7)

19 One of the things accompanying Baba Yaga on her ride might bray.

22 Great actress, by name? (5)

23 The capital of Czechoslovakia? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 843

ACROSS: 1 Compound; 5 Ascots; 10 Right; 11 Slatterns; 12 Orating; 13 Prussia; 14 Richly; 15 Drayman; 18 Bandits; 21 Quails; 24 Roasted; 26 Opinion; 27 Absentees; 28 Breve; 29 Trends; 30 Stresses. DOWN: 1 Carboy; 2 Migration; 3 Ostrich; 4 Nosegay; 6 Setsuma; 7 Orris; 8 Sustains; 9 Camped; 16 Moldiness; 17 Aberrant; 19 Intoned; 20 Sadden; 21 Quonset; 22 Amiable; 23 Angels; 25 Aisle.

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